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A. M. OLIVER, NOTARY PUBLIC, CARPENTER & CONTRACTOR, Durbin, W. Va.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL, Dentist, Monterey, Va. Will visit Pocahontas county at east twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL, DENTIST, Graduate University of Maryland. Dentistry practiced in all its branches. Office in 1st Nat. Bank Bldg. 2nd floor.

G. W. DUNCAN, Practical Land Surveyor, Buckeye, W. Va. All calls by phone and mail promptly answered.

West Virginia Citizens Trust and Guarantee Company. This company will furnish bonds of all county, state and municipal officers; fiduciary bonds, such as administrators, guardians, etc.; junction bonds; bank officials; indemnifying bonds, in court bonds of all kinds; attachment bonds, treasurers, etc.

T. S. McNEEL,

The Cry of the Worldless Weak BY HILL WHEELER McNEEL.  
I am the voice of the worldless weak, Through the dumb shall speak, Till the world's deaf ear is forced to hear.  
The cry of the worldless weak, From street, from sage, and from kennel, From stable, and zoo, the wail Of my tortured kind proclaims the aim Of the mighty against the frail.  
The same force formed the marrow, The God of the whole gave a spark of soul.  
To furred and to feathered thing, And I am my brother's keeper, And I will fight his fight, And speak the word for beast and bird, Till the world shall set things right. —N. Y. Journal.

**SIGNS AND TOKENS.**  
While not Superstitious, There May be Ghosts.  
Perhaps at the very beginning it would be well to assure the reader that we are not in the least superstitious and do not believe in signs, tokens nor ghosts and of a consequence can look at whatever pertains to these things in a broad and liberal right and not with the hidden eyes of the skeptic nor the magnified vision of the believer. The fact that we carry a buckeye and a rabbit's foot does not prove us to be unenlightened any more than the possession of a cork screw during the picnic season makes us anything other than a strict prohibitionists that we are. The buckeye wards off rheumatism, and if all things hantable have not been laid, it is dangerous in the extreme to be without the rabbit's foot. As for the cork screw, we have seen so many ladies in distress, as they strove to open a pickle bottle with a table fork that we are never found without a corkscrew when the star which drives folks to picnics is in the ascendants. This useful implement is good to open other things as well, including an old rusty pocket knife.

There has ever been something unexplainable to us about black cats, or rather the evil influence of some black cats. All black cats do not bring bad luck. Most of them are negative quantities which never bring good luck except no evil influence. But the cat that the devil has c'aimed for his own and has entered into, its trail through life is worked with desolation and woe. There are no bands in this cats' death inasmuch as it gives up its lives with a fiendish delight in the contemplation of the wrecked prospects of the person who puts it out of existence. The man who rides the world of one of these demons well deserves a place in the immortal list of martyrs. The breaking of a looking glass is a comparison to the killing of a devil-possessed cat as the ratio of seven years is to eternity. At the present time there is a cloud upon our horizon which has recently assumed the shape of a black cat. It makes its home under a church in close proximity of our place of business and has even been known to haunt our shop notwithstanding the sleepless vigilance of the office dog who seems to realize that his mission in life is to rid us of this self same cat, and that his hope of heaven will not be assured until he has done it.  
Everything suddenly seems to go wrong, type gets pied, engine boils over, steam goes down presses get out of kelter, stationary-seekers hard to please, and the flow of copy entirely subsides. The black cat is not dead as we had fondly hoped, but has returned from some excursion, probably to a house where death has been. He is seen sunning himself in full view of the whole force. A time like this demands that the town sergeant be tolled off up town to a cigar counter and talked to while a shot is taken at the varment. The gun goes off and the cat vanishes and is not seen for some time but he invariably returns. Before we can expect to have any luck whatever this cat will have to be eradicated. While it has been conclusively proven that it is the direct cause for a large measure of the world of trouble we have seen in the recent past, we don't think any

one can call us superstitious in the least.  
Then there is Friday and the number thirteen. If we do not continually make medicine against this ill omened number and that untimely day we are assured our lot would not be as happy as it is. When Friday comes on the thirtieth of the month trouble seems to exist everywhere. It just culminates then by chance, however, and the conjunction of Friday and thirteen had nothing to do with it whatever. This bad luck was coming and reached us at the same time as Friday the thirtieth—but "misfortunes come not singly."  
We could never understand why the picking up of a pin should in any way effect a man's future or materially brighten his prospects. But we will pick a pin up or bust. We once saw one lying in a church aisle and tried to get it while the folks were at prayer. In stretching for it we over-reached ourselves, fell off the bench, butted into a lady on the other side of the aisle and came near being churched for disturbing religious worship, but got the pin. Had we made no effort to procure it and let the token remain unrecognized we feel sure we would have been late with our paper the next week.  
Then there is the matter of horse shoes. But any old piece of iron if it don't bring good luck keeps off misfortunes. We will pick up the heaviest, dirtiest old shoe and carry it in our coat pocket all day, let it sag that garment far from its original shape, and still be perfectly happy, secure in the belief that if evil does befall us it would have been far worse had we not picked up the horse shoe.  
We have dipped but lightly into the possibilities of this subject, but while not a skeptic, we think we have shown that we are not tied in the bonds of superstition but until we are assured that all things hantable have been laid it is the better part to take hold of the advantages offered by signs and tokens to keep off the hoodoo.

**Miss Clara Barton Resigns.**  
Miss Clara Barton has resigned president of the Red Cross Society. In her stead has been appointed Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan. Miss Barton, while not the instigator, has ever been the main mover in the organization which now embraces in its society thirty-one nations. Her first effort was to organize relief work for the United States Army in 1861, but the women held back and the men frowned down upon her plan. Even after she had gathered food and supplies the authorities refused her transportation. She then went to the seat of war and labored a year in the field before she could obtain permission to move her stores. At first she was not wanted on the field at all but soon she became loved by all and blessed for her countless services to the army, for which she was named "the angel of the battlefield." The Red Cross had its inception in the mind of a Swiss named Dumont. In 1863 the fundamental principals were adopted which contain the basis of the work since accomplished. The Geneva treaty followed, embodying the all national permanent relief societies. Through the intelligent and tireless efforts of Clara Barton the United States government formally gave its adhesion to the so called treaty of Geneva for the amelioration of the wounded soldier. To Miss Barton is the credit due for inditing the Red Cross organization to take up humanitarian work outside that needed in time of war. The society is now for the relief of suffering in war, pestilence, famine, flood, fires and other calamities of sufficient magnitude to be deemed national in extent.  
Thirteen men killed, as the result of feuds and animosities engendered by the fierce quarrels of opposing Republican factions, is the record so far this year in West Virginia.

**DOWN THE LINE TO GREENBRIER COUNTY.**  
**The Return Voyage.**  
When I took leave of my patient and courteous readers they will remember that I was in a dazed bewildered frame of mind at the Lewisburg post office over the loss of my satchel with my sermons, notes, wearing apparel and other conveniences. Soon as I could recover myself possession I started out to make inquiries. At the town pump I met a teamster who reported that he saw a stranger driving a one horse wagon, pick it up at the Fair grounds and he went on towards Roncoverte.  
Realizing that pursuit on foot would be in vain, I turned to get a horse at the livery and follow the stranger.  
Near the town pump I came up with a young Mr. Zimmerman having a nice rig and he consented to take me in his buggy and see what we could hear and he drove rapidly to the Fair grounds where we met a citizen who told us that he had met no one answering the description that was in hand between that place and Roncoverte.  
I told my friend that we would go back and just then we noticed a team coming down on the Whateoat road and turning towards the Caldwell road and upon overtaking it we could hear nothing to the purpose.  
This however gave me an opportunity to see Prof. T. R. Price's princely summer residence and many of the other charming residences to be seen along the Caldwell road. These homes make up a scene rarely to be witnessed outside of the dream lands familiar to persons of poetic fancies. At my request Mr. Zimmerman let me out on the corner whence we had started. He told me he lived three miles east of Lewisburg and was busily engaged in selling produce.  
He protested against receiving compensation but he was forced to take some at the rate of fifty cents an hour. Such nice young men make one feel that life after all is worth living and that total strangers may become life long friends in a moment. Upon returning to the post office I found Miss Lula McLaughlin in waiting for me. Had it not been for my mishap, the excursion to Clifton six miles away, would have been an ideal one. But as it was, sweet birds, sweet prospects and sweet flowers had about lost all their charms for me for the time being.  
Sabbath morning was bright and looked more than usually inviting, after a week of gloomy weather.  
Mrs. McLaughlin my only surviving sister, took me in her buggy and we attended church in company. At the church was found all busy and animated in Sabbath school exercises. John D. Arbuckle, superintendent, J. B. Sydenstricker and others are teachers. Miss Emily Arbuckle led the service of sacred praise, aided by a number of good voices and that feature of public worship was uplifting to a pleasing degree.  
Andrew McLaughlin and his daughters, Lula and Grace work in two Sabbath schools every Sabbath and with them Sunday is the most busy day in the week.  
This man seems to be a perambulating storage battery for church and Sunday school dynamos and wherever he has lived these things must go on, rain or shine.  
With all this however he moves with the foremost of successful farmers in his community, farmed for energetic business men.  
Monday evening, the lost satchel came to hand. A Mr. Hinkle had found it and left it at the office of the old Luminary with the message that the owner would find everything as he had left it except the bottle.  
With its facilities for light this Lewisburg journal had no trouble to locate the lessee with its search light and had the phone been

duly responsive I would have heard of it Saturday evening and thus been relieved of my apprehensions of never seeing the children of my brain anymore.  
The story is told of a minister who appeared in the pulpit embarrassed with the loss of his manuscript sermon. He confided to the audience his trouble and begged their indulgence for the services in progress as his only reliance was the aid of the Holy Spirit but in the evening he would have a written sermon and thus would be better prepared.  
I had but one opportunity to address the Clifton congregation and that too without manuscript, but as I do prize my written preparation so highly as the brother referred to, they have no reason to regret the lack of an evening service and so all is well that ended so well that beautiful Sabbath May day.  
Tuesday morning I was out bright and early for Keister Station riding one of the Clifton fast and high steppers.  
Lula and Grace attended me to the barn carrying my luggage where their father, brother, an Englishman and Claude a boy of all work, syndicated their efforts, in mounting me on the high stepper with Claude riding behind to bring the animal home. The passing from Clifton to Keister was swiftly and pleasantly made.  
The Alum Spring that is near the descent of the river ridge and trickles its health restoring waters from the laurel thicket promises to become well and widely known for its beneficial results. Just as we reached the foot of the ridge a group of playing boys and girls come in sight having the road for their play ground. Instead of snow-balls the boys were pelting each other with pellets of clay to the hilarious delight of the little girls. None of the group seemed to be over nine or ten years of age. Upon seeing us they side tracked to the top of the bank where they stood in demure and respectful silence, waiting for us to pass. "Well my young folks what are you up to now?" No sooner asked than the reply was made, "We's just up to anything." Upon dismounting at the station and putting Claude into the saddle for the home-ward return I found upon comparing time with Mrs. Judy and her "two girls" that it would be an hour before the train time. I had this to console me, it is better to be an hour early than a minute late.  
The ladies made it pleasant for me by starting a fire and telling me about the nice Sunday School that was organized the Sunday afternoon previously.  
The postal Miss Judy in the meantime suspended the mail pouch on its hook and informed that she heard a distant whistle.  
She flagged the train with her snow white handkerchief, then there were two puffs and soon after two puffs that seemed to say "that'll do" and then with a pull and no push I was on board.  
Upon entering the coach it seemed to be pretty fully occupied but there was not a familiar face in view and I subsided into the first vacant place and pulled out a Sheldon Moore apple. While thus employed Capt. Gill came around collected the fare and told me of Mrs. Charley Boone's death and burial all which explained his recent absence.  
In a few minutes thereafter, my solitude was broken by a young lady seating herself beside me and speaking to me in a way that startled me. Her eyes were filled with tears and I failed to recognize who it might be that called me "Cousin William." When she became composed enough to say "Gracie Moore" all was made plain to my apprehension.  
It would require pages to record what has happened the passing year in her history. Her mother's illness, absence to a city hospital, her coming home to die, the burial, the home without a mother, the absence of sisters to school at the L. F. I. would be the themes of the story implied. What passed between us about to this office.

The Lord loving the ones He chastens and about his taking up those mourning the death of father or mother and how weeping may endure for a night but joy coming in the morning need not be repeated here. In the meantime while thus conversing John W. Stephenson, Esq. of the Warm Springs came up to greet his old teacher and then Rev. A. H. Hamilton once a minister in our county. Gracie was introduced to Mr. Stephenson and he introduced her to Dr. Hamilton. The doctor was advised to be on his good behavior however, since she was the daughter of the Pocahontas High Sheriff.  
Leaving Gracie and the doctor to themselves, while Stephenson and I should have more talk, we came Rev. Holmes Ralston, pastor of Habron church, near Stanton, Brother Young of Goshen, Bro. H. Miller of Rockbridge Baths, Dr. A. M. Fraser of Stanton First Presbyterian church.  
By the time I was through with these persons I found out that what had impressed me as a crowd of business men and commercial travellers making for the booming grounds of the upper Greenbrier were ministers and Ruling Elders on their journey to a meeting of Lexington Presbytery at Elkins. Ruling Elder Stephenson talks as if he regards it the crowning glory of his life that he prepared for college under my tuition at Monterey 1865-9. Brother Young complimented me with the privilege of preaching to one of his rousing congregations in 1900 at Goshen and wished to know when I was coming again. Rev. Henry Miller is rising into notice as a very successful leader in revival services and deservedly so. While for the honor and influence of the southern Presbyterian church one might wish there might be hundreds of ministers, the equal of the Rev. Dr. Fraser yet by common consent he stands among the first of all our ministers for his pastoral gifts and graces. As for Rev. Holmes Ralston chairman of Lexington Home Missions I have reason for affection. He claims me as his father in the gospel of our Lord. It would take a book with hundreds of pages to tell all that might come to mind about how his peerless mother and her little son and daughter attended a series of meetings at the old North Mountain school house.  
This closes what I have to jot down about my last excursion down the line for the entertainment of my worthy readers who may compliment me with their attention. There is but little of anything that affords me more gratification in these closing years of my life than the little pencil chats I am permitted to hold with the friends and readers of the Times. W. T. P.


We have been complimented with a copy of the "History of Education in West Virginia," a voluminous work prepared under the direction of Hon. T. C. Miller, State Superintendent of Free Schools. Besides statistics showing the great strides made in the cause of education since West Virginia became a State, the book is made up of a review of what has been and what is being accomplished, also sketches of a number of the more prominent educational institutions of the State. The volume is profusely illustrated with cuts of school buildings and groups, pictures of men prominent in educational work, and striking reproductions of some of the unequaled landscapes of our mountain land. The book was gotten up for distribution at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition as a witness of the development and advancement of education in West Virginia, which has kept pace with the growth of the State in other lines. It was the intention to have a sketch of every county in the State, but only about half responded to the invitation.

If you want good job printing, and are in a hurry for it, bring it to this office.

**H. M. Stanley Dead.**  
Sir Henry M. Stanley, originally John Rowland, the great African explorer, died in London Tuesday. He was born near Denbigh, Wales in 1841, was thrown upon his own resources at an early age, and, it is said, worked his way as a cabin boy to New Orleans, where he was employed by a merchant named Stanley, whose name he afterwards adopted.  
He served in the Confederate Army and after the war in the United States Navy. He went to Abyssinia in 1868 with a British expedition, as correspondent of the New York Herald. He made several expeditions into Africa, in one capacity and another and was instrumental in founding the Free State of Congo. He was the author of several books giving description of his expeditions and of the conditions of the inhabitants of "Darkest Africa."  
At a recent show day in town there was a fair crowd in attendance. We have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the good order maintained by those in attendance. In a measure, perhaps, this restraining from lawlessness is due to the effectiveness of the police force and lack of facilities to obtain intoxicants, but we would rather think that there are few indeed who do not realize that it is on the part of an unreasoning creature rather than manly to get drunk and endeavor to take the town while under the effects. We hold the latter reason to the real solution of the quietness of recent crowds. We think we know the spirit of the mountain man too well to believe that he, can be restrained by the fear of law or anything else when he realizes that his rights are being imposed upon.  
**Advertising Quitters No Good.**  
John Wanamaker says: "If there is one enterprise on earth that a 'quitter' should leave severely alone, it is advertising. To make a success of advertising one must be prepared to stick to it like a barnacle on a boat's bottom. He must know before he begins it that he must spend money—lots of it. Somebody should tell him also that he cannot hope to reap results commensurate with expenditure early in the game. Advertising doesn't jerk; it pulls. It begins very gently at first but the pull is steady. It increases day by day, and year by year, until it exerts an irresistible power. It is likened to a team pulling a heavy load. A thousand spasmodic, jerky pulls will not budge the load; while one half the power exerted in steady effort will start and keep it moving."—West Union Record.  
At the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Los Angeles, California, a resolution was offered recommending a change in the marriage ritual to exclude the word "obey." We wonder if the good brothers really think the form of the marriage service has any bearing upon conjugal bliss whatever; or is it just a scheme to boom the matrimonial market by making it easier for the young man to gain his dulciana's assent by leaving out the awkward concession.

**Why the Parson Missed a Chicken Dinner.**  
The following comes from Texas:  
In small towns the salaries of ministers are frequently augmented by gifts and donations from the parishioners. On Sunday, after the dismissal of Sunday school, a little girl timidly approached the minister and said: "Please, Sir, my mother would like to know if you like chicken!"  
The minister, scenting a donation in the shape of a prospective chicken dinner, expressed his appreciation of the succulent fowl, and the little girl departed.  
Nothing in the chicken line having shown up at the parsonage during the following two weeks, the minister called the child aside, and, as a gentle reminder, said: "I thought by your recent inquiry that perhaps your mother might have had the intention of sending a chicken to the parsonage."  
"Yes, Sir, she expected to; but, you see, they all got over 'the pip,' an' so she didn't have to kill any of 'em."  
**Hard to Digest.**  
A special from Pittsburg says: A big steer brought in with a herd of Nebraska cattle to Herr's Island stockyards was killed yesterday. In its stomach was found a copy of Bryan's Commoner, undigested.  
The butchers at the stock yards allege that in their experience they have never known a steer to eat a newspaper, but this proves, declare admirers of Mr. Bryan, that the Commoner is inside information, and that the steer knew a good thing when he saw it.  
Gee Buck! Shades of the steering committee!  
But remember that this steer was reared in the populistic atmosphere of Nebraska, and even he was not able to digest the Commoner. Don't try it on the Democratic steers. They'd choke to death on it, for there is doctrine in the Commoner that no Democratic ox could swallow.—Times-Dispatch.  
**"Damn It" Not Cussing.**  
"Oh 'damn it,'" said Albert Burnett, aged 104, of Boston, in a Washington street car. He was arrested for swearing, but the judge let him go, holding that "'damn'" isn't swearing.—The Wheeling Telegraph.  
**A Wonderful Saving.**  
The largest Methodist Church in Georgia, calculated to use over one hundred gallons of the usual kind of mixed paints in painting their church.  
They used only 32 gallons of the Longman & Martinez Paint mixed with 24 gallons of linseed oil. Actual cost of paint made was less than \$1.20 per gallon. Saved over eighty (\$80.00) dollars in paint, and got a big donation besides.  
Every church will be given a liberal quantity whenever they paint.  
Many houses are well painted with four gallons of L. & M. and the gallons of linseed oil mixed therewith.  
Wears and covers like gold. These Celebrated Paints are sold by W. J. Killingsworth, Marlinton, W. H. Hull, Greenbank his dulciana's assent by leaving out the awkward concession. 5-26-2

**Are you aware**



In the course of a year, the balance wheel of your watch makes 157,800,000 revolutions!

**Just Think Of It!**

In time the oil gums, produces friction, and wears the delicate bearings, destroying their high finish and perfect fit, thus ruining an accurate time piece.

**Will You Thus Ruin Yours?**

An ordinary machine is oiled daily. Your watch should be cleaned and oiled at least once a year. Let us examine it; an honest opinion from us will cost you nothing. Should it need cleaning, we can apply the remedy in a skillful manner. Should it need other repairs we are prepared to make them.

Last, but not least, our prices are reasonable, our work honest and our guarantee lived up to.

**Give Us A Trial.**

**Greenbrier Jewelry Co.,**  
First National Bank Bldg. Marlinton West Virginia